

Bristol Drollery.

P O E M S
AND
S O N G S.

By M^r. C.



L O N D O N,

Printed for Charles Allen, Bookseller
in Bristol, 1674.



Bristol Drollery.

T Is a strange Title this, stay, let us see,
Poems and Songs, and *Bristol Drol-*
lery :

Why then does any there pretend to
Wit ?

It must be like their Diamonds, Counterfeit :

Do's not the Author tell us flat and plain,
Such a dull foggy Air do's clog the brain ?

That there we strive at Poetry in vain.

That to the Wits 'tis fatal, this do's show
Our Heads ake here, when but we wou'd be so.

This may be true, for ought I gather hence,

The Author by this Book has no pretence

To make us think h' has more than common
sense.

Nor needed he to put his brains to'th wrack,

For by the help of one poor pint of Sack

One might out-doe him, (if one had the knack)

For what is there that can more easie prove,
Then to tell *Phillis* plain, he dies for love.
Thus much for's Sense, and then as to his Rhymes
They're not so pleasant as your Christ-church
Chymes ;

(When on your *Tolfey* up and down you go)
Or noise of Guns, from Ships arriv'd below :
Since 'tis a Maxim you've held all your lives,
Dam' Poetry, 'tis he has Wit that thrives.

To



To the young Gallants, &c.

Here's a fresh Country Muse come up to Town,
Which you on easie terms may make your
own ;
Receive her kindly then, and hear her tale,
She may divert you now your own are stale.
For at first view it plainly will appear
'Tis the first Balladry of the New year ;
Shou'd a fresh Girl come up, cou'd scarce speak sense,
So she cou'd doe in figure, mood, and tense,
I'll warrant her, she ne'er wou'd be refus'd,
Her two leaves wou'd be open'd, and perus'd ;
Well, Sin will leave you when y'are old and gray,
You must divert you then some other way,
Then will you sit and look as grave as they
Who censure your behaviours, and the Play :
Come, my dear hearts, be virtuous then betimes,
Delight you in sweet Prose, and sweeter Rhymes :
Your penance comes of drinking and high feeding,
Head never akes so vilely after reading :

It will Improve those fine white Perriwigs,
So full of crotchets and fantastick Figgs;
'Twill take you off your window-breaking tricks,
Nor let all mirth lie (button'd) in your bricks.
If Bristol Muse has ever a good jest,
Pray let it be roar'd out amongst the rest :
And though she has not learned yet the way,
She may be next of kin to an ill Play.

But if she finds ———
No favour 'mongst you slighting, jeering men,
('Twixt her and I) I have advis'd her then,
Humbly to cast her self on Madam Behn.

Jan. 167₄³.

N. C.



*To my Lord — at his Arrival
in Bristol.*

Welcome to Town (my Lord) but yet
I pray,
For your own safety, that you wou'd
not stay,

Wit, in this Country lives, it is well known,
No longer then a Serpent in your own,
That to the Wits 'tis fatal, this doth show,
Our heads ake here, when but, we wou'd be so;
Such a dull foggy air do's clog the brain,
That here we strive at Poetry in vain :

Then we have reason to implore your stay,
Wits brightest Sun can clear these Mists away ;
For you who've taught the World to love
and fight,

By whose great pattern our best Poets write,
And wisest States-men learn to steer aright ;
Can shine to us with a perpetual light.

Bristol Drollery.

Solon's Laws of Love.

I.

WHo would a perfect Lovers Title gain,
Must bind his Love in a mysterious chain,
His flames under a cloud must wear
Jealous, lest any trembling Air
Should to the Vulgar ears his passion bear,
This is Love's seasoning ; for he
Who would a curious Lover be,
Fears less a Rival, than Discovery.

II.

The nicest Lover oft do's find
A happiness in his extream ;
For Doubt and Caution make the mind
Value what else had been a dream,
The greatest goods have their esteem
Not from themselves, but what we pay :
We to our passions guide the way ;
And the great Deity of Love do's live,
Not by the wounds he makes, but by the leave
we give.

III.

III.

When all we wish crowns our desires,
If Jealousie but gently move,
'Tis like a Fan to blow those fires,
And seems a kind Transport of Love.
But let that Frenzy never gain the field,
Nor by continuance grow so high
That reason cannot force it yield,
Or the least Oath make the Usurper fly.

IV.

Th' unfledg'd Gallant at his first sight do's
swear
His love eternal course shall hold,
Though try'd Experience tells those Vows are
Air,
And that no hope can be more rash or bold.
Happy the Lover whose kind starr
Thinks worthy of a gift so rare;
But if its influence prove retrograde,
Let not a sullen grief your breast invade:
For Stars you will like Women find,
Who are by humour false or kind,
Without consulting the fond Lovers mind.

V.

V.

That Lover whose desires unjustly tend,
 That only to his pleasures bend,
 'Tis fit should miss of his main end.
 But they are Stages in our way,
 And though they oft' a heart betray,
 Are pretty Baits our Travels to allay.

V I.

Sincerity in Love I much esteem
 As of all Laws the most supream;
 Yet for their Interest oft the wise
 Must cloath the Truth in a disguise.
 I like a dainty Lover would know all,
 Yet like a man of Humane frailty, sure
 Would not my own disease procure;
 Nor headlong on disquiet fall,
 But rather Ignorance, then despair endure.

On a Lady passing by in a Coach, &c.

SO fits the Mother of the God of Love,
In her bright Chariot drawn by her white
Dove;

As you, fair Nymph, if any such there be,
For you were past so soon I scarce cou'd see;
Yet at a venture, I have paid my duty,
To (Madam,) your imaginary beauty.
May you drive on, whilst I devoutly pray
You meet no tumbling accidents i'th way:
May you ne'r fall but in a softer place,
To be made pleasant by a sweet embrace;
Whilst you partake part of those closer joyes,
Though not so private and so free from noise.

A S O N G.

HOW pleasant it is to discover
In the Mistress you love and adore,
The coming regards of a Lover,
She made you despair of before.

At first with coy looks and disdain,
She paid all your sighs and addresses;

But

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But now that she pities your pain,
Her alter'd demeanor confesses.

Then oh! what a Joy 'tis to find,
At length that her pity improves,
To a passion so true and so kind,
As is next consummation of Loves.

Whilst you ply her with warmer careffes,
And close, as a Lover do's use
To fetter a Miss. in Embraces,
Till she cannot tell how to refuse.

SONG.

Against Marriage.

I.

A Fig for the state they call Holy,
Let *Hymen* now be degraded;
For is't not a desperate folly,
In a Journey for life to be jaded.

II.

For the lust of a night or two
To be plagu'd with the cares for ever;

Is

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Is like him that wou'd hastily go
Hang himself to be rid of a Feaver.

III.

No more then I *Roger* take thee
Pretty *Susan*, for better for worse.
Nor shall the Priest ever tye me,
That I cannot my self unloose.

IV.

Let some men, to people the world,
With Children of doubtful begetting,
Themselves into slavery hurl,
And be Cuckolds without any letting.

V.

While for the convenience of life,
Amongst all the pretty kind she's,
Each Maid that I like, and each Wite,
Shall be mine for as long as I please.

SONG.

Bristol Droghery.

SONG.

A *Myntas* had *Phillis* fast lock'd in his arms,
But Night from *Amyntas* hid *Phillis*'s
charms :

He clipt, and he kist, and he kist her again,
While she lay twinkling 'twixt pleasure and
pain :

But still between kissing *Amyntas* did say,
Fair *Phillis*, look up, and you'l turn Night
to Day.

But *Phillis* cry'd, oh ! no, I cannot look on thee,
Day will too soon appear, now fie upon thee;
For *Phillis* her blushes was loth to discover,
But for each kiss he gave her, she gave him
another :

Yet still between kissing *Amyntas* did say,
Fair *Phillis*, look up, and you'l turn Night
to Day.

To Sylvia.

Surely the Moon is down from Heaven fled,
And Circles her bright self about your
head,

Leaving

Leaving *Endymion*, and her Sphere, to move
About your Face, that Brighter Heav'n of Love:
Though you, Madam, would have it under-
stood

(In modesty) it is but your thin Hood,
Full of black patches, and of yellow hue,
So has dame *Cynthia* her black patches too.
But, pardon me, if it deceive my sight,
When such fair eyes, Madam, shall lend it light.

SONG.

HOW many are fondly betray'd
By *Hymens* seeming glorious light,
Untill that they are Captives made,
Like silly wandring Birds, by night.

They take it for a splendid Sun,
That cherishes with heat and light,
Untill at length they are undone,
And so do's every doting wight.

Who with a Mistresses fair eyes,
As with Sun-beams they dazled are,
Untill the Priest in wedlock ties,
And leads them to the shades of care.

Thus

Thus the two treacherous Gods,
Cupid and *Hymen*, deceive 'em,
 But 'tis on a Wager great odds,
 They'l have cause to repent that believe 'em.

To Melissa, Concealing her Face, &c.

M Adam, It was unkindly done to hide
 What was our wonder, and, may be,
 your pride;
 While we with veneration did look,
 You, from our eyes the glorious vision took:
 Fearing to share, such was your piety,
 In our Devotions to the Deity:
 Thus you prevented our Idolatry.
 Or else you conscious were, that our weak sight
 Might be struck blind, or hurt with too much
 light:
 And knowing well the power of your charms,
 Conceal'd your beauty, to prevent our harms:
 It must be so, alas! no man was there,
 On whom (for Love) to look, you might not
 dare.
 Securely you may look on whom you will,
 Love lurks no where but in your eyes, to kill.
Not

Bristol Drollery.

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Not to our Sex, nor yours, one dart doth fall ;
You, and fair *Amarillis* have 'em all, &c.

To Celia.

THat I'm lov'd, bright *Celia*, by you,
Is a bliss that I ne'r can believe ;
Since nought to my merit is due,
That my Torment you e're shou'd relieve.

My passion I dare not make known,
For fear your disdain I shou'd move,
And rather than hazard your frown,
I'm content to suspect that you love.

Yet afford me still smiles and kind glances,
Till boldly the courage I take,
In love, to make further advances,
And say, *Celia*, I die for your sake.

To Phillis and Cloris.

WHat shall I say of you, whom all admire ?
And that once spoke, I cannot raise you
higher :

E

By

Bristol Drollery.

By your Sex envy'd, and ador'd by men,
 Speaks your praise louder than a private pen :
 Then I'll accuse you, and that's easier far,
 Of Crimes great Beauties often guilty are :
 And this by consequence bespeaks you fair,
 You then Heart-robbers, and Heart-breakers
 are.

You rob, and death ensues against your will,
 For not restoring, those you rob, you kill :
 Yet howsoe're, this priviledge you have,
 It is your virtue that you do not save :
 Thus do your beauteous Sex, Physician like,
 Destroy unquestion'd, as they do the sick.

Next, Lovely Tyrants, you in fetters tye
 A many prisoners, that for you sigh,
 And yet themselves excuse your cruelty.

Wretches, who their own freedom disallow,
 They are your Captives 'cause they will be so.
 Bondage so sweet they feel, such pleasing pains,
 They loath their liberty, and love their chains.

Thus much is laid unto your beautie's fault,
 But in my Charge I now must make a halt ;
 For whatsoever harms to men you do,
 Still you are virtuous, and guiltless too.

Then since I needs must fall into your praise,
 Next, to your Wit, we do resign the Bayes :
 Your Wit is such, who dare converse with you,
 Must, with their own, have all the Poets too :

For

Bristol Drollery.

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For though we yield to them at writing Plays,
Some are as sharp, perhaps, at Repertees;
And these advantages to you belong,
Your Voice is Musick, and your Prose is Song.
Virtue, Wit, Beauty joyn'd, there needs no
more

To make you Deities, and we adore.
Thus 'gainst your charmes there can be no de-
fence,

You are prepar'd to ravish every sense:
But there is one, with which, besides the rest,
Only the Happy' enjoyers shall be blest.

S O N G.

I.

UNhappy is he, who loves her that's above
him,
Whose Fortune is great, and perhaps she may
love him:
But his being mean, whilst his love runs so
high,
He sighs, and pines for that he ne're can enjoy.

B 2

II.

II.

If her friends are severe, and refuse to consent,
 They may make a close match on't, and after re-
 pent;
 For the pleasure being over that made 'em so
 willing,
 Small comfort's in Love, where there's never
 a shilling.

III.

Yet, Beauty inviting, we strait fall in love,
 Though a bitter-sweet Passion it ever do's
 prove;
 With fits of fond hope we are often amus'd,
 But a juster despair tells us strait w'are abus'd.

IV.

Yet still I'll love on, though it difficult prove,
 Since there is more Life, and more Glory in
 Love:
 For in meaner Intrigues, where with ease we
 enjoy,
 Our Love soon grows faint, and the pleasure
 do's cloy.

Over-

Overtaking a Stranger in the Street.

M Adam, I saw you but behind, yet I
Could not forbear to follow you and
sigh.

The wound you gave was sudden, and yet
sweet,

You (like the *Parthians*) flew in your retreat.
Your shape and meen so charming did appear,
Made me suspect you greater charms did wear.
Your face was vail'd, whilst yet within your
hood,

I fancy'd those too strong to be withstood :
And that in pity of our weaker sight,
You shadow'd o're your eyes too dazzling light.
I was about to have my self address'd,
And your new conquest unto you confess'd :
But being too mean a one for you to own,
I, for my boldness, had deserv'd your frown.
Thus I gave o're, but to prevent a smart,
Past cure of Herbs, and the Physician's art ;
Yet, Madam, I confess, you for an hour,
Usurp'd the thoughts due to her I adore.
Love, pardon my Inconstancy, and then,
May my Saint hate me, if I err agen.

Bristol Drollery.

SONG.

I.

HAng her that has no Intrigue in her,
 To Kirk, or a Conventicle
 She trips like a pittiful sinner,
 And sighs, whil't her tears down trickle.

II.

A Play-house she will not come near,
 For fear of a naughty man,
 Shou'd whisper his love in her ear,
 And play with her mask, or fan.

III.

With the wicked, nor yet with his seed,
 With none but a Brother she'l do ;
 Oh ! this is a pure one indeed,
 With her I'le have nothing to do.

IV.

Give me her that is frolick and free,
 At a Play, or a Treat, well behav'd ;

Can

Can honest and confident be,
No question but she shall be fav'd.

To Phillis.

MY Dearest, since my heart is thine,
And thou didst thy own resign,
Let no Jealous Eye, nor Ear,
Keep us longer slaves to fear.

We, not like common Lovers woo'd,
But at distance understood
How our Passions first did rise,
By the language of our Eyes.

With am'rous eager looks and sighs,
And what else Lovers can devise ;
Long we did each other prove ;
But, oh ! the pains of silent Love.

Others may meet, and talk, and kiss,
The common happy road to bliss ;
While we afraid, lest some should spie,
And take us in Love-felony.

Then, Sweet, let us be bold and free,
Our sufferings cannot greater be ;

B 4

And

And what if Friends do not consent?
Despair's a greater punishment.

True Lovers seldome are undone,
But by their Cowardise alone.

And did thy flame, as mine, burn bright,
Those of Hell cou'd not affright.

Ah, *Phillis*, think how great a Joy
'Twoud, in each others Arms to lie,
And talk of all our past devices,
Breathing out our Souls in kisses.

This, and a thousand Joys do move,
Then, *Phillis*, let's compleat our Love;
But if thou wilt not venture, I
Will make a sad retreat, and die.

SONG.

I.

Love and Desire provoke 'em to't,
But Parents won't give way;
Alas, poor Girls, they fain wou'd do't,
Nor can for Husbands stay.

II.

I I.

Nor for Conveniency nor Wealth
Would they delay their time ;
'Tis better Marry then by stealth,
Whil'st Beauty's in its prime.

I I I.

Then let some wealthy Fop enjoy
Your bed, whom Parents chuse ;
To such you only shou'd be coy,
And only them refuse.

I V.

But unto him whom you love well,
Though he no Joynture has ;
Give your selves freely, let none sell,
'Tis clear 'gainst Nature's Laws.

V.

And what if Friends do huff a while,
Love covers all your failings,
The storm once past, Fortune will smile,
And they give o're their railings.

SONG.

SONG.

Then make good use of whilst you may,
 The little time you have to play :
 When eyes have lost their sparkling grace,
 And t' shall be said you had a face ;
 It is not patch, nor paint, nor dress,
 That can retrieve your prettiness.

'Tis Youth and Native Beauty charms,
 And fills with Joy a Lovers Arms.

Let no occasion slip you then,
 But as y'are fair, be kind to men ;
 And let your Loverskiss and court,
 And ne're refuse the other sport :
 When you are old, there's none will do't,
 Though you these favours prostitute.

*On some Ladies, enviously said to decay
 in Beauty.*

WHoe're shall say, that now their Beauty
 fades,
 And that they look like Mother of the Maids ;
 To

To such we will be bold to give the lye,
And yet allow their looks some gravity ;
The Rose full blown, though nearest to its fall,
Then the young bud, less fair nor sweet, we
call.

Of Landlord Time, that Beauty lets, and set,
They have a Lease of six or seven yet.
Alas ! too few, but yet I grieve to speak,
How many hearts (e're it expires) they'l break.
They've Charms to lengthen yet a bloody reign,
Fatal to such shall suffer their disdain.

Long have we felt the fury of their Eyes,
At every glance they make a sacrifice ;
Who dares to look, and love, despairs and
dies.

Ah ! may their darts ne're with less vigour fly,
The deaths which such eyes give, who wou'd
not die ?

SONG.

I.

FOr fair *Amaryllis* I often do sigh,
And to see her I take delight ;

But

Bristol Drollery.

But when *Phillis* appears, oh ! for her I cou'd
die ;

She alone fixes my wandring sight,

II.

A General Beauty Adorer I am,
And ever it makes me to pine ;
But 'tis *Phillis* alone has kindled a flame,
I cannot tell how to define.

III.

Whate're has been said by a Lover in pain,
His passionate fitts to discover ;
And more for her sake I endure, but in vain,
For I dare not tell her I love her.

IV.

And yet the same Passion her tender heart
warms,
If I by her looks can divine ;
And that 'w'are not happy in each others arms,
'Tis as little her fault as mine.

Against

Against Cupid, &c.

AH! Sacrilegious boy, to murder where
We offer up our Sacrifice and Pray'r.
I stood not there as at *Diana's* shrine,
Blaspheming 'gainst thy Mothers pow'r and
thine:

Nor yet so full of zeal, as to defie
Thy darts, when such a fair as She was nigh:
Had I been there petitioning great *Jove*,
Thence to exclude the wanton God of Love:
Then, with just rage, thou might'st have pu-
nish'd me,

And I had not impeach'd thy Cruelty.
Men for their Crimes unto the Church do fly,
And there betimes make it their Sanctu'ary;
Thou more profane, do'st even there the fact,
And in the Sacred place commit'st the Act.
Thou tak'st thy stand in some fair Ladie's eye,
And when thou'st slain, mak'st that thy San-
ctu'ary.

But 'tis thy crime that thou hast struck but one,
A double Murther shall thy guilt atone.
Reverse thy Arrows then, and pierce her heart,
That she may feel her suffering Lover's smart.
Do this, dear Love, and from a Foe I'll be
The great'st Adorer of thy Deity.

SONG.

S O N G.

'T Is better be Miss. and Gallant, then be ty'd
In Marriage, the dull way of Bridegroom
and Bride.

And, faith, my dear Miss, if you knew but your
Lover,

You'd resolve to enjoy him before any other.

I swear by that dearest adoreable face,

By each Heart-winning charm, and ravishing
grace;

If he pleas'd you not better, then hate him, dear
Phillis,

Then *Amintas* did *Celia*, or fair *Amarillis*.

'Tis better, by stealth, to your pleasures make
haste,

Then stay year after year, for a Coxcomb at
last.

Thus Ladies (by fear, and their Fathers) are
fool'd,

More then (had they but Wit, Love, and Cou-
rage) they would.

On the death of Mrs. Sarah Fryer.

TO the fair Female Readers, this I write,
A Beauty late, but now eclips'd in night.
Sweet, young, and virtuous, as it may be you,
Death sure, (like men) Covets such Misses too.
A Horrid Ravisher, who e're did 'scape,
On whom he lusted to commit a Rape :
When he do's Court, the young and chaste must
fall,

In vain for aid, in vain for help they call.
In shades of death, and silent grave she lies,
Methinks your Tears drop now, I hear your
sighs ;

Offerings that wou'd enrich her shrine far more
Than any Saints, whom the devout adore.
Go pay 'em there, see how the willing air,
Wou'd fain commix its breath with yours more
rare ;

The greedy Earth wou'd those rich show'rs
receive

With as great Joy, as you with sorrow give :
From thence wou'd spring, a wonder for to see,
Myrtles for Lovers, and sad Cypress tree :
There rest her body, whil'st her Soul's fled
higher,

And thus your beauteous Convent lost a Fryer.
SONG.

S O N G.

Come, let's drink the night away,
 Let the married sleep it out,
 (After a short minutes play
 At the Sport) we'l drink about.

Fill the Glas up, when 'tis out,
 Those are pleasures are but vain,
 Whil'st they empty at a bout
 What they cant recruit again.

Every minute we will sport us,
 And in no fond Amours burn,
 Let the Lasses woo and court us,
 E're we do them a good turn.

Yet to make up our delight,
 Wee'l have Wine and Wenches too,
 At the one to pass a night,
 And sometimes give these their due.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

Clarinda's graces 'scape the fight
Of th'unapprehensive Sot,
Whose dulness hinders his delight,
Whil'st I extreamly dote.

II.

But yet the Torments I endure,
Do make me wish to be
(Because she'l not afford the cure)
As unconcern'd as he

III.

Then to o'recome her cold neglect,
My Passion I'll remit ;
And what in others is defect,
I'll strive to counterfeit.

IV.

I will not sigh, nor shed a tear,
My heart I will retrieve ;

C

Yet

Bristol Drillery.

Yet though my flame do's not appear,
I'll keep it still alive.

V.

Thus will I seem indifferent,
Uncaptiv'd by her eyes;
Untill *Clarinda* shall relent,
Like them, I will seem wise.

March 5. 73.

To Phillis.

Give o're, my dear *Phillis*, to whisper and
smile,
You betray my poor heart, and undoe me the
while:
Yet whil'st I look on you, so sweet and so nice,
For the pleasures I feel, I'd refuse *Paradice*.
I die when I see you the length of a street,
But oh! how you murder when nearer we meet.
'Tis then that my heart to your bosome strait
flies,
To be safe from the darts shot so thick from
your eyes:
But then when I think on, and do but com-
pare,

Amyntas

Amyntas unhappy, and *Phillis* so fair ;
Oh ! then my heart breaks, and I die with
despair.

Whilst thus I choose rather alone to complain,
Then tell her I love, and am kill'd with disdain.

The Shepheard's Complaint.

WHEN *Cleon* rested in the shade,
His Crook and Scrip down by him laid,
And all his Flock about him plaid ;
He knew no heat but of the day,
But now he feels a fiercer ray.

When *Cleon* folded up his sheep,
Then on a grassy Turf cou'd sleep,
He had nor grief, nor cause to weep :
He knew no dew but Heav'ns store,
But now his watry eyes make more.

When *Cleon* tun'd his Oaten reed,
And had no care but's Lambs to feed,
He was a happy Swain indeed.
But since h' has heard so sweet a noise,
Which now poor *Cleon's* mirth destroys.

Then would you know the cause of's pain,
 'Tis *Calia's* eyes, and voices strain;
 Accomp'n'd with her high disdain.

SONG.

P*hilida* had had lost her Swain,
Philida had lost her Swain;
 Cou'd not find him 'mongst the train
 Of all the jolly Shepherds:
 To the Wood she fled amain,
 Enquir'd him of the Black-birds.

One sung then, yond. lies thy dear,
 One sung then, yond. lies thy dear,
 And has got fair *Sylvia* there,
 Circled within his arms;
Philida then tore her hair,
 And vow'd by all her charms:

Once did gain *Amintas* love,
 Once did gain *Amintas* love;
 She a truer Swain wou'd prove,
 And never more come near him:
 Still she swore by Gods above,
 That she would e're forsake him.

Then

Then a bill of purest Gold,
 Then a bill of purest Gold,
 'Cause he *Aminta's* falshood told,
 She gave the little Blackbird ;
 But at *Amintas* she did scold,
 The faithless, wanton shepherd.

To *Cloria*.

Cloria shut those murd'ring eyes,
 Where the blind God in ambush lies :
 They are the Suns do give him light,
 Direct the Boy to shoot aright.

Rather then thus be made his prey,
 I, for a time, will know no day ;
 But if thy Eye-lids are not proof,
 I must then keep me far aloof.

Already he has sent a dart,
 Has made me feel a grievous smart ;
 Another shot may mortal prove,
 Without the balsome of thy Love.

Then keep him close, and let him know
 No use of Quiver or of Bow ;

Bristol Drollery.

But if he will no Pris'ner lye,
Though 'mongst the glories of thy Eye ;

Perhaps he'll strive to come at me,
And in revenge, he may wound thee :
Then *Cloria*, if thou shed a tear,
I le bring my wound, and bathe it there.

To Melissa.

AH! how much power in beauty lies to kill,
I saw, was wounded, and am bleeding still;
Thus you'r a murderer against your will.
Let this your pity then, not wonder move,
'Tis no presumption to die for Love:
Upon these terms no man can love too high,
'Tis free for any to despair, and die.
He less endures that do's conceal his pain,
'Tis less to die than suffer your disdain.
Thus what I wou'd pretend to hide, I shew,
I name the thing, yet say you shall not know.
But, sweet *Melissa*, pardon me, I rave,
Love fits for *Bedlam* first, and then a Grave.

Aminas's

Aminas's Complaint.

A Heart as mine in love so torn,
 Was ne'r by wretched Lover worn ;
 When Fate decrees, Love must be dumb,
 Life's a continual Martyrdome ;
 For all that yet lies in my pow'er,
 Is in her sight to sit an hour ;
 There to languish, pine, and sigh,
 Receive fresh wounds, and bleed, and die.
 Whilst all I have to ease my pain,
 Is but to think she loves again ;
 If *Phillis* smile, and kindly glance,
 The pleasure puts me in a trance ;
 But when again she seems to flight
 My suff'rings, equal my delight ;
 And this is poor *Aminas's* fare,
 A fit of Joy, and then Despair ;
 Doubting still lest he should prove
 Her true Disdain, but seeming Love.

SONG.

IF *Aminas* and *Phillis* love well one another,
 What needs as much money of one side as
 to'ther.

C 4

What

What difference 'twixt low and high,
When Love can make equality ?

Let Parents then esteem their wealth,
Whil'st we enjoy our Am'rous stealth ;
'Tis pity true Love should be lost,
Since we can love upon free cost :
And carry still about us treasure,
Can furnish out a feast of pleasure.

Let's meet in an Entry, or under-ground Cel-
lar,
Each place is a Palace, where Love's an In-
dweller ;
Then *Phillis*, let me you advise,
Whom you shall choose with your own eyes,
Though he at lowest Fortune lies :
Let him not die your sacrifice.

S O N G.

HOw blest was I, when in the throng
Of Mourners, I stood there among,
So neer to her whom I adore ;
And gently prest her dearest arm,
Whil'st pleasure did my sense alarm.

Eclips'd

Eclyps'd in grief, the Nymph there stood,
Hiding her glories in her hood ;

For if she had her beams displai'd,
I shou'd not then endur'd the fight,
But had been blinded with the light.

Yet I so many Charms saw,
As to my Senses strait gave Law,
While she her dearest eyes conceal'd,
And Coward Love advantage took,
For fear of killing with a look.

Something she held in her dear hand,
Love's dart I needs wou'd understand,
Which she in mourning ribbons trim'd ;
As 'twere for sorrow of the pain,
Or death of him whom Love had slain.

So cold I'm sure she felt my touch,
Death cou'd not give another such,
Whil't bleeding there I stood,
Almost as dead with wounds she gave,
As he, that then was laid in grave.

But strait the Fun'ral rites were done,
My happiness as soon was gone,
Another lead my Saint away,
And left me there in vain to sigh,
For such another touch Id'e die.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

P*Hillis*, since you can ne're be mine,
 (Not that less kind I'll prove)
 I wish in him that shall be thine,
 All my extreams of Love.

II.

In what a rapture then of blis
 Intranc'd, he then will lie,
 Breathing his Soul in every kiss,
 And every am'rous Sigh.

III.

When on that sacred night of Love,
 Your Bodies shall unite ;
 And every ravish'd sense shall prove
 The excesses of delight.

IV.

Think, Dearest, then on me forlorn,
 Waking, and thoughtful lying ;

Thus

Thus cruelly from *Phillis* torn,
For Love and Sorrow dying.

To *Aminda and Melissa*,
A Fairing.

Just such a Fairing 'tis, as when they say,
You are the Fairest I have seen to day ;
That I present, but not without much pain,
The idle issue of a dam'd dull brain ;
So dull, it scarce can tell what to say next,
Like some dull Parson when h'has nam'd his
Text :

But to your Censure, Ladies, I submit,
Besides, I fear the scand'alous name of Wit,
Here, in a sober, serious, trading Town,
Where nought's esteem'd but Wealth, and a
Furr'd Gown :

All o're I've been, yet nor at shop nor standing,
Have I beheld one Face, as yours, commanding.
No charms so powerfull as those you wear,
Are to be seen at ev'ry Country Fair ;
Rich Points there were, rich Gowns, and Coats
with Lace,
Here an Ill-featur'd, there, a Nut brown face :
You

You I saw not, perhaps, you fear'd to be
 The death of ev'ry stranger that you see :
 The Town have felt the fury of your Eyes,
 And they wou'd make the Countrey too their
 prize.

What if no Husband yet falls to your lot ?
 You as the Angels are, and marry not.
 It is your glory thus to lead your lives,
 While 'tis for vulgar Women to make Wives :
 For shou'd I go about your Fame to raise,
 And speak of Virtue, Wit, and Eyes bright
 rayes,
 Youth, Beauty, Wealth, (at the old rate of
 Praise ;
 And whatso'ere else makes fit Wives for Kings,
 You have , and are (sweet Ladies) all these
 things.

To the same.

NO wonder, Ladies, you for Husbands tar-
 ry,
 You are Divine, and Angels do not marry.
 Presuming nor to Love, nor Love implore,
 Instead of courting you, men fall t'adore ;
 They

They dare not tempt you to the Joys of sense,
Since your Divinity is your defence.
The Goddess was not by the Youth enjoy'd;
Only for seeing her naked, was destroy'd.
Unfaint your selves, and be but Flesh and Blood,
And Men may venture on your Woman-hood;
For whil't in Glory (Goddess-like) you shine,
You are not fit for sheets, but for a shrine.

On Mr. F. Knight, Deceas'd.

Virtues thou hadst enough to boast,
Pity, that they so soon were lost :
No Vice, but what might well agree
With one so gallant (*Fitz*) as thee :
Great in thy air and address,
Nor was thy Wit and Spirit less :
Temper so generous and free,
It were too mean a thing for thee
To be enroll'd i'th List of Fame,
A Knight by Title, as by Name.

Bristol Drollery.

A Mock-Poem on the Waters of the Hot Well, and other things thereabouts.

I.

ALL you that rise early to walk to the Well,
 Perhaps you ne'r heard what the Keeper
 can tell ;
 Then since your kind Poet has made you a
 Song on't,
 Pray Ladies, take here the short and the long
 on't.

II.

When *Coridon* calls *Amaryllis* to rise,
 She stretches, and yawns, and she rubs her fair
 eyes,
 Then to mend her Complexion, as white as is
 Chalk,
 He takes her fair hand, and then hither they
 walk.

III.

He tells her his Love as along they do goe,
 While she listens and smiles, as her Lover do's
 wooe ;

But

Bristol Drillery.

41

But there's nothing can cure her, her Love being ripe,
Like that, that comes from a full running pipe.

IV.

Let *Amyntas* and *Phillis* as hotly pursue
The Sport, to their Loves, and her Beauty is due;
Yet let 'em be never so mad on delight,
A Gallon will make 'em hold out until night:

V.

Young *Thyrsis* the Shepherd comes over the Ferry,
To meet his *Aminda*, to Quaff and be merry,
To kiss, and to court; but to make up the matter,
There's more to be said than a cup of cold Water.

VI.

He swears that her heart is as hard as the Rocks,
To refuse the rich heir to so many flocks;
Then drinks a full Glass to her health on his knee,
And throws up his Cap; what a fellow' is he?

VII.

V I I.

If fair *Amoretta* and *Sylvia* come here,
 The Nymphs of the Wood and the Waters ap-
 pear;
 They throng to pay homage unto their fair eyes,
 And give good morrows to their bright Deities.

V I I I.

The Cit's that come here with their Wives
 e'ery morn,
 ('Tis a hint close enough) let 'em drink in a
 horn:
 Though ne'r so horn mad, it will keep 'em as
 sober,
 And their Wives chaste and cool, as a Morn in
October.

I X.

A Wench that has lain with her Lover all night,
 To prevent any harm may ensue their delight;
 May get her up early, and hither but come,
 Then drink till she spues, and the bus'ness is
 done.

Thus our Waters can cool all your warm Inclinations,
And cure the mad Zealot that talks Revelations,
Can give the green Girl in her cheeks a fine Red,
And help to keep longer her loath'd Maiden-head.

X I.

The Antient and grave, the young, and the frolick,
Are troubl'd with Diseases, the Stone and the Cholick,
The Pox, or the Gout, may instead of more Physick,
Come drink of our Well, and be cur'd, or still be sick.

X I I.

It ne'r yet had enemy that I can tell,
But your Poets and Doctors, who damn it to Hell;
And swear that he never was yet a good thinker,
Or healthy, or wise, that is a water-drinker.

D

XIII.

XIII.

Here *Cupid* the Archer do's oft shoot at Rovers,
 Here's Stones for the Ladies, and Break-necks
 for Lovers ;
 There Boats down below on the River doe
 move,
 And herbs can make Med'cines to cure or cause
 Love.

XIV.

The place not far distant, they call Gyants hole,
 Was *Charon's*, that ferries the poor Lovers soul;
 But since in these parts there's so few die for
 Love,
 (The fare he likes best) h'has since made his
 remove.

XV.

And for Virtues, you see, our Hot Well does
 not lack,
 If to the Well you come well, may be well you
 go back,
 Drink cup after cup, till your bellies do crack,
 It may cool your high bloods; but there's nought
 to good Sack.

On

*On a handsome woman sitting in the Bar
of a Tavern.*

Sure 'tis Love's Bar, that youth stands there,
Is Bailiff errant to the Fair;
And all the rest about her move,
Attendants on the Queen of Love:
Willing for a while to sport
In jolly *Bacchus* drunken Court:
But who comes here, will surely prove
Not half so drunk with Wine, as Love.

The Beggars.

Now ratling comes my Ladies Coach,
And all the Beggars they approach,
To crave her Honour's Charity,
Which is so great a rarity;
But away drives she as swift as the wind,
And leaves many a Pox and Plague take her
behind.

Bristol Drollery.

To a young Lady in a Garden,

The Roses speech.

FAirest, if you Roses seek,
 Take the nearest like your Cheek :
 I, the Damask, would presume
 To tender you my sweet perfume :
 I am young, like you, a Bud,
 Peeping thorough my green hood ;
 Blushing only 'cause I see
 Fresher Roses grow on thee.
 Crop me then, and let me lye
 In the Sun-shine of thine eye,
 Till full blown, then let me grow
 In thy bosome, next thy Snow ;
 That I may find, when my leaves fall,
 In that sweet place, a Funeral.
 Then *Celia*, be you like the Rose,
 Who its season wisely chose :
 Do not keep your Maiden Flow'r
 Beyond its time, its full ripe hour :
 Like the Rose, you need not offer,
 But when a worthy hand doth proffer,
 Refuse not, *Celia*, on my life,
 You'll wear as fresh when you're a Wife.

Let

Let not your Beauties untouch't die,
 Or wither'd, and neglected lie ;
 Rather let them thrive i'th' light
 Of his Am'rous eager sight :
 That when at last they fall, and spread,
 It may be sweetly on his bed.

On her Absence.

SHe left the place, and sooner there
 Approach'd dull Winter than elsewhere.
 She but withdrew her influence,
 And chilling cold, did strait dispence
 O're all the Earth, and ev'ry plant,
 Of her sad absence felt the want ;
 When she return'd, then as before,
 Their freshest Summer liv'ry wore ;
 Thus absence, presence of her ray,
 Makes Summer Winter in a day.

On Chloris.

THe widow'd *Chloris* to the Grove,
 would go to spy the Turtle Dove :

D 3

How

How she constant mourning fate,
For loss of her beloved mate.

Behind a Willow stood the Fair,
And did its loss with hers compare :
All her Passions she renew'd,
And her fair cheeks with tears bedew'd :

Then all about the Bird would flee,
Seeking her Mate on ev'ry tree :
And as the Turtle griev'd and lov'd,
So with like Passions *Chloris* mov'd :

When strait another Turtle flew,
And the widow'd Dove did wooe;
She soon agreed, they bill'd and kiss'd,
And did the other feats, you wist.

Her constancy did fab'lous prove,
Or Nature broke her Laws for Love :
Chloris, same Fortune wish'd her self,
Although it was a Love by stealth.

Then forthwith from my Covert I,
From whence all this I did espie,
Came, and surpriz'd the beauteous Dame,
And offer'd her as pure a flame.

Hereat

Hereat she blush'd, and blushing fled,
 But quickly after her I sped ;
 Yet not so soon as Love got in,
 And her sweet consent did win.

She dry'd her tears, she sweetly smil'd,
 And all her sorrows were exil'd ;
 Then under that same happy tree,
 As did the Turtles, so did we.

SONG.

I.

C*Ælia*, in vain thou strive'st by art,
 Thus to take in my invincible heart ;
~~I ne'r was in Love, yet I love to doe,~~
 And give dull Platonicks leave for to wooe ;
 No *Celia*, be sure I'll conquer thy Charms,
 Then take me, and fold me
 Within thy soft arms.

II.

I ne'r will be caught by thy sparkling eye,
 Nor for thy dimples, in love will I fry ;

D 4

For

Bristol Drollery.

For any beauty, or singular grace,
 That can be found in thy Body or Face :
 No *Cælia*, be sure I'll vanquish those Charms,
 Then take me, and fold me
 Within thy soft arms.

III.

Slave-like, I will not be chain'd to an Oar,
 Still toss'd on Love's Seas, and ne'r come to
 Shoar,
 Nor will I win pleasure by Love's cruel pain,
 Be but once free, and thine will be the gain.
 Then *Cælia*, do not depend on thy Charms,
 But clip me, embrace me
 Within thy soft arms.

Love's Stagg.

I.

IN Love I have been now a tedious hour,
 I wou'd not be one more under his power ;
 I harmless did gaze on her beauteous eyes,
 The God shot a dart, and made me his prize :

O

O quickly draw it, I run, and I bleed,
And on my poor heart the Vultur doth feed.

I I.

See the fair Huntress pursues me apace,
And her swift cruelties after me trace :
But rather then longer endure her storms,
I could turn head, and defend with my horns :
Then quickly draw the dart, running I bleed,
And on my poor heart the Vultur doth feed.

I I I.

My force it is spent, from thee, cruel Fair,
To make my escape, I am in despair ;
Oh ! now I faint, I faint, I fall, I dye,
And all are on me now with a full cry :
Dearest, then pity me, salve up my wound,
Thy bleeding Victim I lie on the ground,

SONG.

SONG.

I.

THe Sports on the green we'l leave to the
 Swains,
 The rise of their loves, and reward of their
 pains;
 At the Tavern we'l dine, then close up the day,
 At night, at a Mask, a Ball, or a Play.
 And when this is done, we'l laugh and lie
 down,
 And our Evening delights sweet slumbers
 shall crown.

II.

At the Pell we will play, or a race we will run,
 We'l sport with the racket, and when that is
 done,
 At Cribbage, at In, or at Hazard amain,
 From Tick or Baggamon we will not refrain:
 And when we have done, we'l laugh and lie
 down,
 And our passed delights sweet slumber shall
 crown.

Then

III.

Then we'll away to the Gardens or Park,
 With Lures for the Ladies, instead of the Lark,
 With graces attractive, are fetch'd from Love's
 Mine,
 And his darts shall secure us the prey we design.
 And when we have done, we'll laugh and lie
 down,
 And dream of our Loves, enjoyment shall
 crown.

IV.

With the delicate Nymphs we'll toy and we'll
 kiss;
 So long till we find they will yield to'ther bliss;
 We'll tempt pretty Susan, and Marg'ret, and
 Jenny,
 For midnight access, with the bribe of a Guiney,
 And when we have done, we'll strip and lie
 down,
 And then with enjoyment our Loves we will
 crown.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

AT first sight of Beauty I passionate prove,
 And never can keep a mean in my Love,
Cupid stands bent, and a dart he lets fly,
 That pierces my heart, soon as e're I come
 nigh :

Then oh, the pangs, oh, the pains I endure,
 If she prove not so kind as to cure.

II.

If when I address without coyness or state,
 She hears my Complaint, then I thank my kind
 Fate ;

But if I discover her love by a glance,
 A sigh, or a smile, then I boldly advance.
 But oh, the pangs, oh, the pains I endure,
 Lest she prove not so kind as to cure.

III.

Sometimes I fear lest she should not prove true,
 Or that she'l deny me the bliss I pursue.

But

But if she dispells all my fears with a kiss,
I am almost arriv'd at the height of my bliss,
But oh, the pangs, oh, the pains I endure,
Until she proves so kind as to cure.

I V.

Unhappy's the Lover that's plung'd in despair,
And wretched is he, and as great is his care;
With the love of a Beauty that's cruel, diseas'd,
But nothings so sweet as a flame that's appeas'd.
Nor any Joyes, any Blissess so pure,
As when she applies the right cure.

A Dialogue.

W. **H**Old, hold, Sir, you strike me so sore,
Will you murder the vanquish'd, and
never give o're?

M. No (*Cannibal-like*) on thy flesh I will feed,
'Tis not mercy to pity, though thou doest
bleed.

W. Help, help, now it comes, it comes down,
You've tickled me so that I'm ready to swoon.

M. Fear not, there needs no recovering skill,
'Tis a pleasant encounter that never do's kill.

W. Oh,

W. Oh, why then d' you rub me, d'ye shake me
 so, fie,
 Can't you let a poor woman die?

P*hillis* the fairest of the train
 Of Lasses, lov'd by every Swain
 Of the Wood, and neighbouring Plain.

The very name of *Phillis* is,
 Assoon as spoke, the Shepherds bliss,
 And they all court her, hit or miss.

When the Am'rous Shepherds will is,
 To dance a round, then, hey for *Phillis*,
 And each one strives to dance with *Phillis*.

When e're they sing, or when they play,
 On Oaten pipe, a roundelay;
 'Tis to charm *Phillis*'s cares away.

When they are met at *Colon*'s house,
 They toss the brim-full Bowl and bowze:
 And healths to *Phillis* all carouze.

If *Phillis* sheep are gone astray,
 Each willing shepherd runs his way,
 And do's his utmost service pay.

But

But *Thyrsis* is the happy Swain,
 'Tis said, will *Phillis* Love obtain,
 And all the rest but sue in vain.

BRing us Wine, and *Venice* Glasses,
 Here are three of *Venus* Lasses,
 Plump and tender as the Grapes are,
 And as Juicy, when they prest are :
 Come fill 'em up, and let them pass,
 Healthing brimmers to each Lass :
 Such, whose faces far out-shine
 The flow'ry top o'th sparkling Wine.
 Now, thirsty, drink until we prove
 More thirsty for the sports of Love.
Phæbus, no sooner set's in th' Sea,
 But we'l to bed as fast as he ;
 And if (for ought we know) his Flame,
 He quenches with some watry Dame.
 Not that great Celestial Light,
 Then we, shall reap more free delight.

S O N G.

ONe Evening to kiss,
 I walk'd with my Miss.

And

Bristol Drollery.

And strait to a Grove we came ;
 Where in the cool shade
 We sported and plai'd,
 And eased us of our flame,
 But oh, then how her eyes did discover,
 The delight she receiv'd from her Lover.

The Dew 'gan to fall,
 And the Night-birds to call,
 So homewards went *Chloris* and I,
 To speak of our Joyes,
 And such other toyes,
 Would make your Love Passions run high :
 But oh, how her eyes her delight did discover,
 While I plaid the part of a hot-metled Lover.

SONG.

I.

Said *Phillida*,
 Said *Phillida*
 To *Coridon*, Let us be merry ;
 Then *Coridon*,
 Then *Coridon*
 Said, Come let us over the Ferry.

On

Bristol Droghery.

59

On th'other side
I'll make thee my Bride,
And then with the Bottle of Leather,
With the Neigh'bring Swains
We'll dance on the Plains,
And fuddle, and frolick together.

II.

There I'll kiss thee,
And then caper,
While my blood do's grow warmer and
warmer:
Then the Lasses shall sing us to Town a,
We'll do t'other feat.
When thee and I meet,
On a bed that's as soft as the down a.

SOL shines not through all the year so bright,
As my dear *Julia* did the other night.
Cynthia came maskt in an Eclipse to see
What gave the world a greater light than she:
But angry, soon she disappear'd and fled,
Into her Inner Rooms, and so to bed.
I envy'd not *Endymion*'s Joys that night,
Far greater had I with her lustre-light.

E

Venus

Bacchic Drillery.

*Venus and Bacchus.**A Mock-Dialogue.**Ven.* **F**ie on thee *Bacchus*, thou art drunk.*Bach.* Thou liest, thou Cœlestial Punk,
I am not so.*Ven.* Thou would'st not else have so abus'd my
Deity.*Bach.* What if I did Attempt thy tayl,
Disguis'd in *Mars* his Coat of mail ?*Ven.* A Mocking-sport for all the Gods,*Bach.* Less than *Vulcan*'s by much odds.Bowls of *Nectar* flow for thee,

If thou wilt be but sweet on me.

Ven. But what if *Vulcan* know ?*Bach.* I'll drench his sooty, chimney soul in
Wine.*Ven.* If *Mars* discover, he'll not fail,*Bach.* To lash thee with the Dragons Tayl.*Ven.* Ah, ha, thou know'st it well.*Bach.* As well as thou : My Juice can charm
him fast asleep.*Ven.* Thou art too strong by odds.*Bach.* If so, let Wine and Love then conquer
Gods.*Ven.*

Ven. Then whirle we both our Spheres together,
 And I will be, and I will be light as a feather ;
 I'll kifs, embrace my loving Bunch,
 Ever be thy Hony-com-punch.

S O N G.

The Fairies.

Come my *Jenny*, pretty one,
 Thee and I will all alone,
 Hie to yonder Fairie ground,
 Where last night they trip'd around :
 And (free from Mortal eyes) by stealth,
 There skip'd and danc'd each little Elf.
 There, on the grass we'l sport and play,
 And thou shalt prove as light as they.
 If *Corydon* and *Phillis* spie,
 Or any bold intruding eye ;
 We'll pray transforming Gods above,
 That we (like those) may Fairies prove.
 And when we've changed shapes and hue,
 We'll haunt, and fright, and pinch them too.

August 5.
1673.

Phillis and *Amintas*.

S O N G.

I.

FAir *Phillis* in a Grove alone,
Securely fate, and made her moan,
Whilst her *Amintas* lay conceal'd,
And heard the secret she reveal'd.
And as she cry'd, oh ! how I love ;
Eccho replied still, I love.

II.

It was the love of her dear Swain
Amintas, caus'd her thus complain :
He who no sign of Love before
E're saw in her he did adore,
But as she cry'd, I pine and die,
Eccho replied still, and I.

III.

Alas ! said she, wou'd I might hear
Amintas speak, like Eccho there :

Could

Could I but hear that kind reply,
From the sweet Youth, for whom I die :
And then she cry'd, oh ! how I love,
Whil'st Eccho still reply'd, I love.

I.V.

Amintas could no longer hold
Himself obscur'd ; in Love grew bold :
And took such heart from what he heard,
Unkindness nor repulse he fear'd :
But unto *Phillis* ran amain,
And swore he was her faithful Swain ;
And such kind words did *Phillis* move,
She there took earnest of his Love.

The Lovers Agony.

I.

Come blow keen blasts, and cool my Love,
Beg ye that power of great *Jove* :
And if you needs will know for why,
Oh ! 'tis for *Amorett* I die.

II.

My sighs make storms, I hear of late,
 They've shipwrack'd Vessels of the State;
 I cannot help't, oh! how I fry:
 For cruel *Amoret* I die.

III.

Come, gentle South, send thy kind showers
 Down quickly from thy watry bowers;
 May soaken through my parched soul,
 And may its scorching heat controul.

IV.

My warmer sighs send so much rain,
 Do's trickle down my cheeks amain;
 That very tears drop from my eyes,
 Raise high the Country's floods, and cries.

V.

I'd be no Enemy to th' State,
 Nor would procure the peoples hate;
 Then, *Phæbus*, thaw her Soul, else I
 For frozen *Amorett* must dye.

SONG.

SONG.

WE are born, then cry
 We know not for why ;
 And all our lives long
 Still but the same Song.

Our lives are but short,
 We're made Fortunes sport,
 We spend them in care,
 In hunting the hare.

In tossing the pot,
 In vent'ring our Lot
 At Dice, when we play
 To pass time away.

We dress our selves fine,
 At Noon we do dine,
 We walk then abroad,
 Or ride on the road :

With women we dally,
 Retreat and rally,
 And then in the bed
 We lay down our head.

And all this and more
 We doe o're and o're,
 Till at last we all die,
 And in the cold grave lie.

Then let us be merry,
 Send down to the Ferry
 A Bottle for him,
 Old *Charon* the grim,
 A Bribe for our stay,
 Till we must away.

A Catch.

DOwn below, down below, lies an old pipe,
 Fill'd with the Juice of the Grape so ripe;
 Hang bus'ness, and care, and Love's cruel dart,
 We'll lustily bang him before we do part:

Here's my foot, set thine, and thine, my dear
 heart,

Now, Drawer, here Boy, bring us each a
 Quart.

Pipes, and Tobacco, the best of thy *Spanish*,
 We'll health it about, and the Vapour shall va-
 nish, Shall

Shall vanish, shall vanish,
We'l troll it about, and the vapour shall vanish.

And when that is out, then bring us up more,
Our thirst it is great, and Chink we have store,
And when that is out, still bring us up more,
When our money is spent, we'l drink on the
score.

The Good Fellow.

A Catch.

HE that won't drink, is a verier Sot,
Then he that still tosseth, and emptieth
the pot ;

He that drinks small, and will not drink strong,
Let him ne'r be accounted among
The Valiant, or Wise, but a meer puny,
Or, which is worse, a saver of money.

Then small Beer or Ale
For the man that looks pale,
But he's a friend of mine
That drinks off his Wine ;
At his Cups will ne'r boggle,
But drink till's eyes goggle,

And

Bristol Drollery.

And stare and rore,
And call still for more.

S O' N G.

C Ome *Phillis*, let's to yonder Grove,
That I may tell thee how I love ;
And how I've suffer'd every day,
Since thou hast stol'n my heart away :
How many nights I've lain awake,
And sigh'd away, for *Phillis*'s sake.
This, *Phillis*, this shall be our talk,
Whilst hand in hand we gently walk :
Then down we'l sit in yonder shade,
A myrtle has for Lovers made :
And when I've call'd thee Duck and Dear,
And woo'd thee with a sigh or tear ;
If Love, or pity on thy Swain,
Move *Phillis* heart to cure my pain ;
Then like two billing Turtles, we
Will do what none but Love shall see.

To Phillis.

Would'st thou know then why I wooe
thee,

'Tis because I would undoe thee ;
Yet hope 'twill not prevent my suit,
When I have told thee how I'le do't :
I mean not to impair thy 'state
Nor will I e'r deserve thy hate ;
I will not injure thy bright name,
Nor stain thy white and spotless fame ;
Nor will I raise in thee a flame,
And leave thee burning in the same ;
But joyn with thee in chaste desire,
And mix with thine as pure a fire ;
Till *Hymen's* sacred rites fast tie
In one sure Gordian, Thee and I ;
This nought but death shall e're untie,
But there's another I would try
T'undo, when we are both in bed,
And Night shall hide thy blushes red,
Then will I seek a certain knot
(I will untye, I'le name it not ;)
Virgins let loose with pleasant pain,
With undone, o're and o're again.

SONG.

Bristol Drollery.

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I thought him in love when I bid him go
hang,
But he drives away care with a Fiddle and
Song.

Then each Lass I advise when her Lad would
be kind,
To let him all freedome and courtesie find :
And i'faith the next that I catch in my gin,
I'll be sure to hold him fast by the right pin.

Death.

Then welcome pale and ghostly sprite,
Thou shalt us no more affright ;
Thy Skeleton shall scare no more,
Then when 'twas cloath'd with flesh before :
Within thy dark and silent Cells,
We know nor pain nor pleasure dwells ;
No sorrow to be Pris'ner there,
Since we know not that we are ;
Nor shall we envy those above,
That our earthly cieling move ;
For lo, these lower rooms they must
Descend at last, and sleep in Dust :

These

Bristol Drollery.

These, till their utmost Course is run;
 May sing, then die, as we have done.
 And now to dye, let's grieve no more,
 Then 'cause we were not born before.

A S O N G.

I.

HOW sweet is Love when Beauty's kind !
 Beauty, that frees a Lovers mind
 From those tormenting cares and woe,
 The Cruel put their Lovers to.

II.

A Miss. to whom if you complain,
 She frowns not to augment your pain ;
 But when you speak in Lovers stile,
 She comforts with kind look, or smile.

III.

Yet with her favours do's not cloy,
 As not by rigour hope destroy ;

'Tis

'Tis such a one I fain would have,
Treats me as Subject, not as Slave.

I V.

Who knows her power to save or kill,
And rules by Justice, not by will ;
Rewards me not for all my pain
With Cruelty, or cold disdain.

SONG.

I.

I Sit Love that makes thee sad ?
Still musing on't will make thee mad :
Then drink care away, fond lad.
Such force and virtue is in Sack,
'Twill free a Lover from the wrack
And by oblivion will ease
Him of that idle fond disease.

II.

II.

Cupid like a drowned fly,
 In a brimmer thou shalt spie;
 But wet his wings, he'l helpless lie.
 Then let 'em merrily go round,
 Since no such remedy is found,
 To keep a Lover in his wits;
 Let thy drunken, cure Love-fits.

SONG.

I.

OH how I do love
 The Musick and sports of the
 City,
 Where Wit we improve,
 With the Converse of those that are Witty.

The *Westminster* braves,
 The Hectors and Bullies,
 The other end Knaves,
 And those they call Cullies,
 Do make up the harmony.

But

Bristol Drollery.

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But give me the kind lass from her that wears
patches,

Down (if she be cleanly) to her that cries
matches ;

That with her kind blade
At the new Masquerade,
At a Play or a Ball,
She dares have at all ;
That dares doe in the dark
With the best in the Park,
This, this, is the Wench for me.

While the plain Country Coxcomb does spend
all his time

In drudging and toying, 'thout Reason or
Rhyme :

That with his own hands
Doth manure his Lands,
And with his own Swains
Who eat up his gains ;
Or with the Parson o'th' Parish
Sometimes he is mellow ;
O're a Cup of damn'd Ale,
Like a true Country fellow
That knows no other delight.

But give me the Lad that lets all his own,
And layes by the care of Corn and Cattle ;

F

Then

Bristol Drillery.

Then comes up to Town,
 And about do's rattle.
 Treats himself and his Friends with store of
 good dishes,
 And at his own charge, with Fowls and with
 Fishes;
 Then Drenches him soundly
 With lusty *Burgundy*,
 And nothing do's owe
 To speak on, or so,
 Nor at his own Lodging
 Do's often hear Duns,
 As loud as great Guns,
 Till with the damn'd noise
 Loud Ecchoes do fright ye;
 This, this is the man that is truly call'd mighty.

A Prologue to a Tragedy, &c.

Room for a Poet that ne'r writ before,
Ætatis, Twenty one, and somewhat
 more;
 He humbly prays, since he is come to age,
 He may have free possession of the Stage:

Let

Let not this favour be deny'd by you,
 Perhaps 'tis all that he is borne to :
 And as Babes born into the World, do cry,
 His Infant-wit begins with Tragedy :
 Expect not from him then a full ripe wit,
 But hear his prattle, and be pleas'd with it.

Crassus once more h' has brought upon the
 Stage;

But he's secure, if he but 'scape your rage.
 Once he stood fearless 'midst War's loud a-
 larms,

Now dreads your Wit more than the *Parthi-*
ans Arms ;

That dreadful, dang'rous, Judging, Damning
 Wit,

That ne'r a Poet scarce could e'r scape yet ;
 Howe'r t' has been, As to our Authors Play,
 All pale and trembling, thus he bid me say,
 Ladies, he hopes that you'l be merciful,
 While he expects from you, Sirs, — Pox 'tis
 dull :

But if he please you, give his Parents Joy,
 Clap him, and cry aloud, there's a brave Boy.

*One Countrey Lass to the other, newly
return'd from London.*

Fie on this Countrey Town, 'tis dull I vow,
We have no Play-house to divert us now;
Where, 'fore the Play began, we us'd to sit,
Hearing the Fiddles, and expecting Wit,
And when 'twas spoke, scarce understand-
ing it.

There were gay clothes, and Scenes, a Fool
that's merry,

Dancing, and singing, with a Hey down derry :
This is the truest, and the kindliest sport,

For Countrey Ladies, t'other's for the Court.

Nor cou'd we sometimes scarce a sentence mind,

We were so charg'd before, and then behind,
With noise, and Fopps that wou'd be still ad-
dressing,

Our Merits, and their impudence confessing :

And 'troth, methinks the Stage do's not so
move,

As when these press the hand, and whisper
Love :

Nor do the feigned Lovers there so please,
And tickle Fancy, half so well as these.

How

How oft to do, as they, with one another,
 I wish'd my self in private with my Lover,
 But I've confess'd too much, these Joyes are
 fled,
 And I've brought home again my Maiden-head.

Fortune has to *Chloris* sent
 More then can be quickly spent;
 Enough o' conscience to maintain
 Her self, her Gallant, and their train:
 Then let *Chloris* quite give o're
 The thoughts of adding to her store,
 And like good natur'd *Chloris* then,
 Make, as they use to say, a man.
 And 'cause one kindness asks another,
 He'l shortly *Chloris* make a Mother.

Some Gallants to *Chloris* have lately made
 Court,
 But still she denies 'em, and will not yet sport,
 Her Glas she consults, and perhaps it do's tell
 her,
 They Court her but for the large fortune befell
 her:

And that being gotten, they soon will despise
her,

No, no, I'll warrant you, *Chloris* is wiser :
And thinks her self handsome, in spite of her
Glas,

Since five thousand can mend the defects of
her face :

And thus she's resolv'd to admit of no more,
Till he comes that shall *Chloris* for Beauty
adore.

SONG.

SONG.

IN vain, *Amaryllis*, in vain do I strive,
To be rid of the chains I must wear whilst
I live;
I resolv'd I wou'd try for to love thee no
more,
But the fit strait came on me as strong as be-
fore :
Now nothing's so tedious each day I do
prove,
As the heats and the colds of the Ague of
Love :
'Gainst the force of thy charms I rally in
vain,
One sight of thy face overcomes me again.
And thus by surprize my poor heart was be-
guil'd,
I stood your grave looks, but oh, then you
smil'd,
And such ravishing Beauties and graces did
show,
That kill'd poor *Amintas* almost at a blow :
Now when you appear, a trembling strait takes
me,
Vanquish'd, I fall, and my courage forsakes me ;

Bristol Drollery.

Then since I lye bleeding your Victim and
 Martyr,
 Use your Victory mildly, and let me have
 quarter.

S O N G.

I.

You delicate ———
 How long will ye stand for a shew ?
 Still tempting your Lovers to eat,
 Yet suffer not one to fall to.

I I.

To what purpose each day are you drest,
 If it be meant only for looking ;
 And no man must taste of the Feast,
 Where such cost and such care is in cooking.

I I I.

III.

Though the substance you never so garnish,
Yet Beauty at last growing stale,
Delight, like a vapour will vanish,
And each Lovers appetite fail.

IV.

Refuse not then what will delight y'e,
For Dad nor Damnation refrain;
Let not the fear of these fright ye,
Nor the speech of the people, as vain,

How

HOW dull a thing this world wou'd prove,
If 't were not for the Joyes of Love :
For what pleasure can it bring,
To see returns of the Spring,
And Summer, in its chiefeſt pride,
If there were nought of Love beſide ?
To drink, to dance, to laugh and ſing,
If Love were not a Gueſt within :
To walk, to ride, to feaſt, and ſport
The State and glories of a Court :
How life-leſs doe all theſe appear,
If Love vouchſafe not to be there :
Let others glory in theſe things,
And think 'em happy as are Kings :
Then all their boaſtings, I ſay more,
When I ſay, *Celia*, I adore.

SONG.

SONG.

M Odestly I woo'd thee, *Phillis*,
Then how coy, how cold wer't thee,
That thy Lover nor those Lillies,
Ne'r cou'd tempt thee to be free.

Since those banks of Pinks and Lillies
Witness can what thou hast done,
One could, but his modest will is
To conceal, how soon, how soon thou wer't
won.

Was it then my faint Addresses
Chill'd the ardour of thy heat ;
I shou'd with more close caresses,
Tempted thee unto the feat.

Then those hours I vainly wasted,
With enjoyment had been crown'd :
I shou'd all those sweets have tasted
Thou did'st yield, on that, on that flow'ry
ground.

Comely

Comely Swain, why sit'st thou so?
Folded arms are signs of woe.

My heart's grief, if thou would'st know,
Ah! 'tis cause Love's turn'd a Foe.

Let *Phillis* smile, I'll be again
The merriest of all the Plain.

Sigh no more, ah! Silly Swain,
Phillis counterfeits disdain.

S O N G.

When *Flora* had on her new Gown a,
And each pretty flower was blown a,
E're the Scyth cut the grass,
I met a pretty Lass,
And I gave her a dainty green Gown a.

She

Bristol Drollery.

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She got up again, and did frown a,
And call'd me both Coxcomb and Clown a,
'Cause I kiss'd lip and cheek,
T'other thing did not seek,
When I had her so featly there down a.

'Twixt anger and shame then a blush a,
Came over my face with a flush a;
But what I lost on the grass,
Like a good natur'd Lads,
She afforded me under a Bush a.

S O N G.

'T'wixt I will, and I will not,
Phillis, delay me not,
I vow I am so hot
Nought else can cool me :

Come, I will unlace thee,
Quickly uncase thee,

And

And then embrace thee,
Prethee do'nt fool me.

He that can't make his way,
When he wou'd get a boy,
Deserves not to enjoy
So rich a treasure.

Fear not it is a sin,
To shew so white a skin,
And take a Lover in
The seat of pleasure :

Come, by that smile I see,
That we shall strait agree,
Take this kifs for a fee,
We'l love without measure.

SONG.

A SONG.

I.

Come *Phillis*, let's play,
 What though it be day,
 There's something we have yet to do,
 Shall make thee confess
 There's no end of our bliss,
 But ever our pleasures renew.

II.

Thou hast so much treasure
 Exceeding all measure,
 And here I've been so long a stranger,
 On this Snowy white hill
 I shall ne'r have my fill,
 But o're it cou'd still be a ranger.

III.

Oh here's such a Waste,
 A Smock that is lac'd,
 And a Besome much whiter is seen ;

Below

Bristol Drollery.

Below which there lies
 Such delicate Thighs,
 And that shall be nameless between.

I V.

But above all, a Face,
 And a Head in a Lace,
 O'er which such a glory do's shine ;
 That in pleasure I swim
 On a bright Cherubim,
 For my *Phillis* is sure as divine.

V.

E're all thy sweets be enjoy'd,
 Or I shall be cloy'd,
 An age will be past, and time shall away ;
 Whil'st our Play do's go on
 With the rise of each Sun,
 And Night shall begin but the sports of the Day.

On a Bell-man (crying in the street,) which brought some Ladies to their door.

THanks, honest Bell-man, for had'st thou not been,

I had not then so many Beauties seen ;
Thou mad'st Alarm, and out they tript as fast,
As they had said, the D. take the last :

Had'st thou a Trumpet blown, I'd been in
fear,

Doomsday was come, and they the Angels
were ;

I know not whether they were flesh or no,
But, sure I am, they made a Saint-like show.

Had'st thou a lost heart cry'd, there stood the
Thief,

Of all Heart-stealers, the notorious chief.

Cryer, May'st thou ne'r meet with any evil
Spirit, Hobgoblin, or mid-night Devil.

But when thou do'st thy drowlie harangue
make,

In thy defence may ev'ry body wake.

May others losses still thy gains increase,

And when thou'd'st bid good night, lye down
in peace.

G

But

But when we wou'd make use of Spell or
 Charm,
 Come, honest Bell-weather, and make alarm.

SONG.

I.

IF that we still use, makes us soon to grow
 weary,
 Why shou'd we then be so fond as to marry?
 And lose with our freedom a various delight,
 To be cloy'd with the same, and the same ev'ry
 night.

II.

To spend a Revenue in Family charges,
 On Beef, and Blew-aprons, in Cloth and in
 Serges,
 For Wife, and for children, when all may be
 done,
 And more, a la mode, for th'expence of a crown

III.

III.

Or two, on a Miss. that will sing y' a new
 Song,
 Can daintily dally, and charm with her tongue.
 With a Jantie fine air can make her addresses,
 And with something that's new still court your
 caresses.

IV.

She oft to the Park and the Playes does resort,
 And can tell you besides all the news of the
 Court.
 And other fine fancies, then are you not mad,
 To be clog'd with a wife, when such may be
 had?

V.

For she at home pouts, and can nothing say
 more,
 But welcomes you home, with you've been with
 your whore;
 Whilst Batchelors freely may frolick and sing,
 Drink, wench, and ramble, and take their own
 swing.

Bristol Drollery.

To a young Lady confin'd, &c.

I.

WHat would they make a Nun of thee?
Vowing thou shalt reclud be,
For safeguard of thy Chastity.

II.

Kept to thy Needle, Book, and Pray'r,
And seldome suffer'd to take air,
Come, 'tis because thou art so fair.

III.

Then patiently thy thrall endure,
Diana in her Golden Tow'r,
From the God was not secure.

IV.

IV.

And if thou shalt so guarded be,
No man can have Intrigue with thee,
Jove shall himself descend for thee.

Our Parents come together first,
To satistie each others Lust:
Pleasure is the main procurer,
And Matrimony's best insurer:
Other ends they scarce have any,
Though they do pretend to many.
Thus we're got, and as they before,
We soon are ripe for getting more.
Come, *Phillis*, then let's try our skill,
And Dame Nature's Laws fulfill.
The world will quickly desert lye,
If we each other should deny.
Come, what afraid art to surrender,
Because thou art yet young and tender.
I'll gently handle thee, my Joy,
With ease we'll try to get a boy,
And pleasures that shall never cloy.

SONG.

I.

NEver was Maiden with sorrows so fraught,
For somewhat I long, but I know not
for what;

I sigh all day long, I pine, and I die,
But I fear 'tis for that which made *Phillis* to
sigh:

She oft wou'd complain, and cry, oh! for a
man,

My disease is the same; oh! some kind Phy-
sitian.

II.

When a Maid do's so kindly invite you to woo,
You may venture to Try, and ne'r fear but
she'l do;

Then pity the case of a languishing Maid,
That blushes to think, and to speak is afraid:

But *Phillis* wou'd sigh, and cry oh! for a
man;

My disease is the same; oh! some kind Phy-
sitian.

SONG.

S O N G.

OH the pains, cruell Miss. I endure,
If you felt but the smart
Of my poor wounded heart,
You would not deny me the cure.

What pleasure is there in a smile,
Whil't you coyly deny
What I beg for, and sigh,
And languish to death for the while.

It is not a kiss can relieve me,
But your poor Lovers thrall
You can ease with a fall,
'Tis that alone can reprove me.

Oh, the pains, cruel Miss, I endure,
If you felt but the fire
Of my burning desire,
You wou'd not deny me the cure.

SONG.

HEr charms so pow'rfull were,
That I ador'd her ;
With many a Sigh and Tear,
Long I implor'd her ;
Love with enjoyment's crown'd,
Oh, what a Treasure
Freely she now displayes,
Oh, what a pleasure !

When I entwinn'd do lye
In close embraces,
Noting each blush and smile,
And other graces ;
Pleasure, then exstasie,
Cannot mount higher,
Oh, 'tis then, oh, 'tis then,
I could expire.

Thus freed from cruel Love,
And his keen Arrows,
At pleasure off, and on,
Like wanton Sparrows ;

Quench

Bristol Drollery.

99

Quench and renew my heat,
Oft' as desire
Incites me to the feat
Kindles new fire.

Amyntas.

After long service, and a thousand vows
To her glad Lover, she more kindness
shews :
Oft had *Amyntas* with her tresses plai'd,
When the Sun's vigour drove 'em to a shade;
And many a time h' had given her a green
Gown ;
And oft he kist her when he had her down.
With sighs and motions he to her made known
What fain he wou'd have done, then with a
frown
She wou'd forbid him, till the minute came
That she no longer cou'd conceal her flame.
The Am'rous Shepherd forward to espie
Loves yielding motions triumph in her eye.
With

With eager transport, strait himself addrest,
 To talie the pleasures of so rich a feast,
 When with resistance, and a seeming flight,
 As 'twere t'increase her Lovers appetite;
 Unto a place where flowers thicker grew,
 Out of his arms, as swift as air she flew:
Daphne ne'r run so light and fast as she,
 When from the Gods she fled, and turn'd
 t' a Tree.

The youth pursu'd, nor needs he run amain,
 Since she intended to be overta'ne.
 He drop't no Apple, nor no golden ball,
 To stay her flight, for she her self did fall.
 Where, 'mongst the Flowers, like *Flora's* self
 she lay,

To gain more breath, that she might los't in
 play:
 She pluckt a Flower, and at *Amyntas* threw,
 When he addrest to crop a flower too.
 Then a faint strife she seemed to renew,
 She smil'd, she frown'd, she wou'd, and wou'd
 not doe.

At length o'recome, she suffers with a sigh,
 Her ravish'd Lover use his Victory:
 And gave him leave to punish her delay,
 With double vigour in the Am'rous fray.
 But then, alas! soon ended the delight,
 For too much Love had had hastn'd its flight;
 And

And ev'ry ravisht sense too soon awake,
 Rap't up in blis it did but now partake :
 Which left the Lovers in a state to prove,
 Long were the pains, but short the joyes
 of Love.

MA. 73.

*On her writing some
 Verses.*

PHillis, since you such wit in Verse can
 shew,
 That, and your Beauty needs must wonders
 do,
 Make Men adore, and Women envy you,
 Here in this Town, a Female Wit's as rare,
 As amongst ten of them to see one fair.
 And for the Men ———
 Send 'em brisk Trade, now there's a Peace with
 th' Dutch,
 And no one's Wit or sense they'l ever grutch.
 This I dare say, Madam, spight of that Jest,
 He's an ill bird that do's defile his nest ;
 If we give praise, it is where praise is due,
 That is, Madam, only to such as you,
 That are the Virtuous, Fair, Ingenious few.

On

*On the Death of a
Black bird.*

S Eeking his long lost Liberty,
 Out at the Cages door did fly,
 Where he in safety long abode,
 To meet his sadder Fate abroad :
 Thus by his Feeder's meer neglect,
 Puss seiz'd him, and without respect
 To his black Coat, and golden Bill,
 With cruel gripe did almost kill.
 But from her free'd, and Cag'd again,
 Pensive, drooping, and in pain ;
 He sate a while with silent throat,
 Uttering not one merry note ;
 But slighting Food and Life, thus dies,
 To cruel Puss a sacrifice.

F I N I S.

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